

Joan Moreland

THE WASTED CRUST

WORDS BY

EDITH LELEAN GROVES

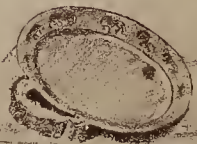
MUSIC BY

BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

PRICE 50c.



THE ANGLO - CANADIAN MUSIC CO.
TORONTO, CANADA.



Copyrighted
1911

THE WASTED CRUST.

Words by
EDITH LELEAN GROVES

Music by
BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

Moderato *mp*

Last

mp *poco rit.*

night I did'nt eat up my crust, I poked it in un-der my plate, — I

mp a tempo

poco rit. mysteriously *a tempo*

thought that no one could find it there, But when it grew dark and late, And

poco rit. *a tempo*

I was in bed all cov-erd up tight, All cov-erd but just my head, — I

Red *Red* *Red* *Red* *Red**

saw that same old crust, I did, Come walk-ing up ov-er my bed— Hed

rh. slowly

poco rit.

two long legs and great big eyes, And he grinned! and he said— to me

poco rit.

slowly and impressively

poco rit.

"I'm—the crust,— you poked in un-der your plate, You could-'nt hide me you

poco rit.

mf

see— You must nev-er, nev-er, nev-er do—

cresc. *ff* *mf*

mp
that a - gain! "Al - right, I wont" I said, I'll eat you up to the

p

rit.
ver - y last crumb, If you'll please get down off of my bed" So he

rit. *sfz*

gaily
jumped off the bed, and he dis - ap - peared, I've searched for him earl-y and

gaily

rall. e cresc. *a tempo mp*
late, — But he comes no more, for I nev - er poke my crusts in under my plate.

rall. e cresc. *mp* *a tempo*